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IMMORTELLES.

And blushing roses in my garden grow.

The playful waters, singing past them flow
And, like the wooing sunbeam, love that spot.
One evening, zephyrs played, I had forgot
To guard my envied love against the blow
Of venomed breath that laid the roses low;
My little ones, most loved, I knew them not.

I knew them well my immortelles so true;
They wept, while bathing in the morning dew.
And in my soul a happy picture rose
Of noble friendship, that in doubt and strife
Is true and ope, whether through flowers flows
Or over rugged rocks the stream of life.

P.C.

OUR PROGRESS IN FIFTY YEARS.

LL nations have had their rise and fall. They have had times of peace and times of war. They have enjoyed the sweet, balmy breeze of prosperity and were made to bear the storms and tempests of failure. They have won victories and have suffered defeats. Our country has also had her rise. Will she also have her fall? She has risen in rapid and immense strides up the path of glory. From her very infancy she has climbed the ladder of fame. Her progress, it is true, was Sometimes difficulties not always the same. crossed her path. However difficult her course, she has never failed to go forward.

Never was this progress more manifest than during the last half century. If we read the history of our country and note the change during the last fifty years, we cannot but stand in awe and admiration. Fifty years ago our laws were as perfect as now. Our banner waved as free then as it does to-day. Since then the stars have been multiplied. The stripes have been dipped again and again in the very blood of her own dear chil-Wars and dissensions arose to crush her in her infancy, but true heroism and the protection of God was always with her. A call to arms has always been a call to glory and victory. She was indeed to become 'the land of the free and the home of the brave.' Her tranquillity could not be established until she adopted all as true children, and extended to each of them the rights of citizenship.

Since 1865 we practice no longer that tyrannical power of slavery, but give to all their just dues as elevated beings. Fifty years ago much of this our beautiful land was nothing but a wilderness. Since then the settlers have laid the ax to the roots of the trees. They have drained the land. They have turned this wilderness into a garden whose fragrant flowers perfume the air, and whose products supply us with the choicest food. They replaced the log-huts of fifty years ago with cottages and mansions. Small villages have become large and prosperous cities. New cities have been founded. Shops and factories have been built which manufacture all the articles necessary for our daily use. We laugh at the implements of our forefathers. We do not think of separating cotton by hand or reaping our crops with the sickle. Modern inventions have supplied us with the cotton-gin, mowers, and binders, and all other machines by which the labor of man might be made more easy. The stillness of winter is no longer broken by the steady strokes of the flail. grain is thrashed right in the field.

The conveyances of 1850 are indeed things of the past. Horseback riders and pedestrians are out of date. Railroads transfer us to any part of our country. Electric cars carry us from city to city. Automobiles and bicycles are our means of conveyance in our daily labors. We can, indeed, boast of an age of steam and electricity. Is this not the reason that our land is cultivated more

thoroughly now than it ever was before? Hence also the immensity of our produce and the increase of our commerce with other nations. Our ships sail on every sea, our commerce is with nearly every nation of the world.

All this success has not been left unmolested. 'Grim-visaged War' has time and again crossed our path. Happy to say, our time was not yet. The sons of the Red, White and Blue were not to be conquered. They skillfully warded off every assault, and returned from each battle loaded with fresh laurels and new victories. As gold is tried in the fiery furnace, so were the Sons of Liberty tried upon the battle-field. Loyal to their land, they were willing to give all, even life itself, for the blessing of liberty.

When national wars could not effect a halt upon the progress of our country, domestic disturbances arose and the fall of our union became almost an accomplished fact. Long and bloody was the fight until the war came to a close, and the Stars and Stripes once more waved sweet peace and contentment to all the United States.

What glory is equal to ours? We need fear no nation. We have all the advantages necessary for sustenance, and if we were cut off from the rest of the world, we could still live in happy contentment. Only of late is our power becoming weak; we have thought lightly of our 'Monroe Doctrine', and now we lie at the mercy of our enemies. There is no doubt that we can defend ourselves in our own country, but we have wandered away from home, and we may drink the bitter

draught prepared by the ambition and pride of our people!

Our mock defense of humanity may yet be laid open and the real spirit of our late war be made known. Will our country remain a kind protectress of conscience, or will she bring down the curse of Justice by her bigotry and monopoly? We have also made great progress in literature and education. We have a school system, whilst not as perfect as it might be, yet, were it conducted by good and conscientious teachers, would further and protect the progress of our people. Since 1850 innumerable colleges and institutions have been established. Printing presses are being thickly strewn through our land, and literature is brought to the will and desire of nearly every one. We lament the fact that the good is often put at the mercy of the immoral. The secular press is far more extensive and self-supporting in our fair land than those more favorable to morals and religion. These loose presses print an immense supply of dime-novels and other sensual stories which are both cheap and immoral enough to spread among our people that terrible plague,—vice and moral corruption. However deplorable our condition may be with regard to the literature of the last fifty years, nevertheless we can boast of many writers who are peers among men of letters. Longfellow sings the songs of our people. Halleck tunes his verse to the Lyre. Hawthorne pleases our fancy with the novel. Irving delights us with his stories. Bancroft tells the deeds of our heroes. Thus we could ennumerate hundreds who have indeed not surpassed the writers of other nations, but are equal to the majority of them.

Amid all this glory we must turn in disgust from the general drift of our nation. We have outstepped our time. We appear to have succeeded to our own detriment. Pride is sitting upon the throne. With it is associated accumulated wealth, liberalism, and luxury. Other nations have succeeded until these awful kings began to rule over them, then they tottered and fell. We, too, may become slaves to our own corruption until the all-avenging hand of Justice will descend upon us. Then our pride will be crushed and the stage of the glorious deeds of our fore-fathers may become the field of tyranny and oppression.

Let us ever wish that we may be saved from such a lot and always pray that our country may continue in the progress of all that may be for the honor of God and the welfare of our people. May our people stand for the protection of morals and religion. Let them unite in societies and unions for the defense of sobriety, integrity, law, justice, and virtue. Let our parents save their children from the vice and follies of our age. Let there be a reformation in our public schools, for it is here that our nation is growing weak. Our children are educated in public schools which seem to train the intellect by the total neglect of morals and religion; instead of being taught the ways of gentlemen, we are taught the ways of fools. such men and women who possess a loose and degrading character be cast out of our school-rooms,

and let them be replaced by virtuous men and women. Then our public schools will not breed vice and immorality, but true virtue and patriotism. Then we can expect to remain pleasing to our Creator. Then our country will continue to progress until we stand without a peer as a star of the universe which will lead its followers to the highest goal of civilization.

E. G. WERLING, '03.

OUR COLLEGE PATRON.

'Tis soothing to know 'mid this drearisome life, Our Patron's assisting us all in the strife, Watching us spending each diligent hour In the shade of our College tower.

High up in the steeple extending his hands
The statue of Joseph our guardian stands,
Standing there holding the snowy-white flower
In the niche in the College tower.

He reigneth in love o'er this beautiful home,
Where virtue doth grow at the foot of his throne,
Braving the storm from his stone covered bower
In the niche in the College tower.

Beneath, we his children at work and at play.
With love and devotion look up through the day.
Praying St. Joseph his blessings to shower
From the niche in the College tower.

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN. '03.

THE 'BIG' FOOTBALL GAME.

THROUGH the clever efforts of her manager Columbian University secured a date with one of the "big ones" on her foot-ball schedule. By a mere chance the game was to be played on the day which belongs wholly to the followers of the pig-skin—Thanksgiving. The date was satisfactory to all, including the Alumni, and the game was to be fought on the Polo Grounds. Coach Rex aided by the several graduate coaches had an excellent team under his direction, for green material was a scarcity on his eleven. C.U's. previous record showed that she belonged in a better class of foot-ball.

On the day of the game the coach had his men in fine trim. The morning papers appeared with their usual comment on the game and predicted C. U. a favorite. Elye University though somewhat "fagged out" by her former hard-fought games, was nevertheless in good condition, and an interesting game could be looked for, because on it depended whether C. U. should prove a factor in deciding future championship games.

Sunshine flooded the city; a stiff breeze blew over from the sound, and for an ideal foot-ball day nothing better could be expected. Long before the game commenced the crowd surged and presented a spectacle never before witnessed at the famous ball-park. Gold and Crimson pennants, streamers, and banners were plentiful on the east side of the field. Never had so many Alumni assembled at one time. Their hopes were high, and they expected the team to do the rest. Admirers of old Elye waved the colors of their Alma Mater from the west-side of the gridiron. Contrary to

the state laws considerable betting was being done with C. U. a favorite by big odds.

A stranger appeared upon the scene. He was a tall, robust fellow with dark complexion. attire showed that he was from the rural district. He was accompanied by two well-known men, one who should have been at the C. U. club-house. They were happily conversing and only a few words were at times intelligible, as—"a house home—I can pay it alright—take you up—I'll keep my promise." These are the words heard by a C. U. secret-servic-man. Responding to the referee's whistle the teams appeared on the field ready for play. Coach Rex then noticed that Gaybell, his star half-back and captain, was missing, and no oneknew of his whereabouts. The Coach was in a trying position, nevertheless he was equal to the emergency. He knew of an old alumnus in the crowd who occupied a prominent seat among the faculty in the grandstand. He requested the gentleman to make a short address to the crowd while he went in search of his star player. As the speaker proceeded to the center of the east side rooters, the glad hand was given him. "Loyal supporters of the gold and crimson," began the old gentleman, "today we are here to see the team of our Alma Mater place another palm of victory in her hall of fame. Today we see a team twenty-six strong, representing our Alma Mater, when only a few years ago we traveled with eleven men and 'Pumpkins', the sweater boy." Rounds of applause followed these few words, and when cheering was over, another cheer quickly followed from the south-end rooters. It seemed as though it was a re-echo of the first, but it was not, for Gaybell was on the field. This gave the speaker an opportuninty to make his address short, so he concluded, saying, "and this same 'Pumpkins' is now on the field and will star for you today."

The whistle blew at the close of the gentleman's remarks and Elye kicked off to the Columbians' ten yard line. Failing to make the needed gain, Maguil, quarter, kicked to the center of the field. E. U. was downed on the forty yard line. By a series of rushes and two end plays the ball was on Columbians' three yard line. Gaybell did all in his power to infuse a playing spirit into his men in order that they might hold the last rush. Melane, the human box-car of E.U., carried the ball through for the first touch-down six minutes after play had begun. An easy goal was missed. So play went on during the remaining part of the half with Elye playing a great game. The whistle prevented Elye from scoring again, and the half closed with the score 5 to 0 in favor of the purple and white. A poor game of foot-ball was indeed played by Columbian. it on account of the first attempt in fast company, or through her inability to play better ball. The latter cause would certainly be injustice to coach Rex. Gaybell, the supposed star, was playing a poor defensive game. Twice the E. U. backs passed his end for ten yard gains. Again he fumbled the ball at a serious time. To accuse him of playing indifferently would be wrong, for he always played his best in former games. Coach Rex gave his men to understand that they must When he was finished with his story, "telling them how it happened", a new life seemed to take hold of the team. A man wearing long gold and crimson streamers called the coach aside, and a few moments later the captain was called into the conversation.

"With whom were you conversing before and thereby delaying the game?" asked the coach. That was my cousin Harry from Three Corners. As I had not seen him for many years, we had a

familiar chat" replied the half-back. "Do you know" continued the coach, "whether your cousin, as you say, is doing any betting on the game." The half-back seemed to catch on to the situation and angrily answered that he did not know, and was excused. The game was again incidentally delayed. A search was made for the man from Three Corners. Luckily he was soon found and directed to the club-house. Upon being questioned whether he had bet on the game, he answered, "No sir! I never bet, but I have promised a friend of mine a house and home if old Elye should win. You can put that down on paper that I am out for E. U. to day" "Why are you such a close admirer of the Elye eleven?" asked the coach. "Because cousin Jack is playing on the team," came the answer. "But your cousin is playing with Columbian," said the man with long streamers and big chrysanthemums. "I was talking to him before the game," continued Harry, "and he didn't say anything to me about it. I got a paper in my pocket to prove that he's playing with E. U. You fellows will have to get up before breakfast if you want to bluff me." The man from the rural district pulled out a New York Journal and tried to explain to them that Jack Gaybell was playing with E. U. A chuckle came forth from the two footballists, while the countryman looked somewhat perplexed at the situation. A mistake had been made in printing, as is frequent in our dailies. The U. E. line up was headed by the name Columbian, while the C. U. eleven were under the name of Elye. Matters were explained to the countrysport and the face he put on would win a place in the N. Y.'s hall of fame. He promised that fellow a house and home, but his cousin Jack was not on the team he wanted to win, nevertheless, he was on the side that finished the first half with heads

up. The gentlemen separated; the footballists with a good story up their sleeves, and the sport from Three Corners in an unpleasant mood.

Maguil commenced the second half by kicking a curtain raiser to the five yard line. After two losses E. U. was forced to punt. Melane moved back of the goal to receive the pass, but fumbled. Gaybell with a terrific lunge broke through the line, downed his man and thereby scoring a safety for Columbian. The man at the score board chalked up E. U. 5— C. U. 2.

On the next kick off after a series of rushes Columbian forces the ball to the forty yard line. Gaybell dropped back for a place kick. Quick as a flash the ball went flying through the air; the rooters, who had no cheer comming the whole game, rose uniformly and shouted. Alas! the referee blew the whistle for the close of the game. But too late. The ball was already in play and passed squarely between the goal posts. Hats, canes, cushions, overcoats, streamers and everything else that hands could get hold of went up into the air on the east side, when the scorekeeper marked up C. U. 7—E. U. 5. Gaybell, the hero of the play, owned the university that week, for nothing was too good for him. But there seemed to be a breach between him and the coach. Gaybell investigated and soon found out about the suspicion which rested over his head before the beginning of the second half of that famous game, and after the close of the semester left the university. It was afterwards learned that cousin Harry did not have to live up to his promise. Nevertheles, the game will never be forgotten, for it made Columbian university a potent factor in football. She was ever afterwards recognized a decider in championship foot-ball games by the "Big JOHN W. WESSEL, '04. Four."

ABEL'S MORNING HYMN.

The world rests on the bosom of the Night—
The spangled field o'er head shines clear and bright.
In golden beauty beams the morning-star—
It seems so near—yet is so far—so far!
Below a shady cypress on a rock
Sat Abel.

Playing with his golden lock Soft breezes through the vernal bowers shriek— A tone, sad, melancholy—still so meek! Now Abel turning East, the banner saw Aurora's, crimson-golden, waving flow: And soon on fiery car the Lord of Day In all his royal pomp the world will sway. Then Abel rose and moved his lips, to sing A morning-ode to God, Our Lord and King: "Thou God of power, majesty, and might Thou unapproached and uncreated Light, Who reignst above the highest seraphim, Before whose aspect tremble Cherubim To whom enchant a song the stellar choirs, And gentle breezes touch angelic lyres: Thou, whom the human heart alone desires, Givest us this day.

"The first and warming rays Kiss my brow; my eyes on beauties gaze. Called forth by word of Thy omnipotence. Again I see in morning's trembling light The walls of Paradise. O woeful sight! O Paradise! O Paradise! my home, Among the groves my parents loved to roam! O Paradise, above whose closed gate The seraph stands with flaming sword: who bade Retreat my father who had come to see Once more that place, whence was forced to flee. I, too, in vain approach thee, Eden's bower. Poor parents, fallen by the serpent's power! Unhappy fate! Oh, sad and hapless hour! To be exiled from places ever dear, To weep and toil and live in grief and fear. We all must die, my father said to me-I wonder but, how this can ever be.

I thought it death to leave fair Paradise Wherein our life and all our fortune lies—Or, shall some animal to pieces tear This youthful body, scatt'ring here and there My limbs?——''

He called his gentle, bleating herd, And on his lambs caresses sweet conferred: "Come to my heart, my tender little lamb, Thou art my darling, I my father's am. For father's guilt in beauteous Paradise Thou shalt ascend to God as sacrifice. But see! the golden morning-portals ope: The flaming orb appears; in fullest scope, In majesty sublime ascends the sky And pours his living rays on far and nigh. What do I see in Sun's all-blazing light? A human form, enchanting, gently bright: A woman's frame, as I have never seen— Fair like an angel, glorious like a Queen. Behold, how from the mother's arm a child As from a royal throne, pure, undefiled, Upon this world in love and pity smiled!— Who is that woman? Who that infant dear?" He asked, his eye was moist with many a tear. From heaven rang a voice in accents sweet: "That child upon the mother's royal seat The world's Redeemer is, who for men's sin Will take their flesh, as man their hearts to win-Will take away thy parent's endless guilt. On this foundation, man, thy hope is built! The World's Redeemer by his Sacred Blood, That from a tree will flow, in ruby flood, Will bring you back to God, your highest Good." But while the sun the world with splendor filled, The heart of Abel all in raptures thrilled He burst in tears; for, now man had the hope That Heaven's portals will one morning ope. XAVIER J. JAEGER, '03

THE IMAGINATION.

HE mind of man is a composite of many and wonderful faculties. The more we endeavor to explain its mechanism and operations, the more abstruse it appears to become, as man must ever remain to himself the greatest enigma. Still it ever produces beneficial results to investigate the one or other faculty; for by this means we are made conscious of their value, and induced to a commensurate cultivaton. Hardly any faculty of the mind is more neglected and abused than that of the imagination. This is partly owing to ignorance and partly to the false opinion that the imagination is an infallible guide, instead of a pleasant companion or a ministering angel of our lives. namely, that faculty by which it forms ideas of things communicated to it by the senses, and, selecting parts of various conceptions, combines them into new wholes of its own creation. sensible or material image is called a phantasm, and must be distinguished from a concept, which is a mere intellectual apprehension of an object. Taste in its metaphorical sense is nothing else but this same internal power active and strong and feelingly alive to each fine and delicate impulse enkindled by nature or art.

The great value of the imagination is seen at once if we consider the important aid it lends to the memory. Without it our memory would lose half of its retaining power. If we wish to impress on the minds of children the principal facts of sacred history, we give them books containing pictures and illustrations. Words, paradigms of declensions and conjugation, as also rules of syntax, are memorized more easily if we fix in our fancy

on what page or on what part of the page they are printed. If you wish to perform a certain action in the course of a day, place yourselves presently in the manner and all the accompanying circumstances of its performances. Then as soon as the appointed time arrives the lively image you have formed will loom up again, and thus remind you involuntarily of what you intend to do. The size and shape of geographical countries are more faithfully retained, if we lend them geometrical figures and forms or only parts of animals. Thus South America has the shape of a huge ham, Europe that of a squatting lion, and the United States that of a parallelogram.

Even the ancients were conscious of the value of associating ideas and things, since they gave to the various constellations according to their configuration the names of animals and celebrated persons. In this we cannot forbear to admire enough their prolific and ingenious imagination. The first one of whom we read to have employed the association of things and ideas was Simonides, the poet, living 660 years B. C. He had namely been commissioned to celebrate in a poem for a large prize the triumphs of a wealthy victor at the Olympian games. But when the day arrived to recite his poem at a banquet before the elated combatant, the promised reward was refused to him, since he had also made mention in his poem of Castor and Pollux. then a messenger announced to Simonides that two youths were requesting his presence outside the palace. He readily obeyed, but found nobody. No sooner, however, had he left when with a powerful crash fell down the roof of the palace, killing all its inmates. After the removal of the ruins, parents and relatives arrived to inter their unfortunate ones. But since the latter were bruised and wounded too badly, they could not be

distinguished from one another. Then Simonides, who considered in his safety the protection of the offended gods, recalling to his fancy the place of each individual at the table, assigned the name of every one according to his position. Thus came he to the conclusion, that the memory could essentially be assisted by noting certain places, and by connecting in these places according to one's own individual taste the most noteworthy things. On this account he built a huge and magnificent palace, decorated the interior with all imaginable things, and then whatever he learnt he associated to these objects.

Our sight is the most perfect and delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, and lends enchantment to objects at the greatest distance- It is this sense especially which furnishes the imagination with its ideas, so that by the pleasures of the imagination, which will now briefly be discussed, are meant such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when their ideas are excited by paintings, statues, descriptions, or any such means. There is indeed no image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the senses, but it is in our own power to retain, alter, and compound these images into the most beautiful varieties of sight and vision; for by this faculty a prisoner in his dungeon can entertain himself with scenes and landscapes that far surpass any within the compass of nature.

Although the pleasures of the fancy are not so refined as those of the understanding, still a beautiful scenery delights a greater number of persons, just as a description in Homer has charmed more readers than a subtle chapter in Aristotle. Besides the pleasures of the imaginaton are more obvious and more easily to be acquired. The so-

lution of a difficult problem, and the comprehension of a deep philosophic thought, demand much toil and labor before they deign to diffuse their pleasures. For the fancy, however, we need but open the eye and the scene presents itself in all the variety of colors. In art we have painting, sculpture, and architecture that address themselves to the eye, whilst music, poetry, and rhetoric tend to please the ear.

A man of rich and fervid imagination often finds greater satisfaction in the prospect of fields and meadows than another does in the possession. The most rude and uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasure, and he discovers in the world a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind. are, indeed, but few who know how to be idle; every diversion they take is at the expense of a virtue, and the first step out of their business degenerates into vice and folly. On this account one should endeavor to enlarge the sphere of his innocent enjoyments, so that he may safely retire into them at leisure. This advantage we gain by the pleasures of the imagination. They require no serious bent of mind, awaken us from indolence, and spread a balmy vigor over all the other faculties of the mind.

Our fancy loves to be filled with objects too great for its capacity. At unbounded views we are flung into a pleasing astonishment. Such are the prospects of wide expanses of water, and uncultivated planes or deserts. As the intellect is averse to all restraint and finds a peculiar delight in the speculations of eternity, space, and infinitude, so also does our imagination hate everything that seems to confine it to a narrow compass.

To produce the pleasure of the sublime, obscurity seems to be necessary. If we know the

whole extent and nature of a danger, a great deal of the apprehension vanishes. Everyone is sensible of this who considers how much night, and especially ghosts and goblins, of whom we can form no clear idea, add to our dread and amazement. On this account the ancient Druids performed all their ceremonies in the bosom of the gloomiest woods, and in the shade of the oldest and most spreading oaks. - It is likewise the uncertainty of the origin and cause of sounds that excites in us such violent emotions of fear; for it is not any inherent property of such sounds, but only their associations that exercise the swaying In most cases it is but ignorance that causes our admiration. The greater the unknown terror and power of objects, the more we shrink into the minuteness of our being, and are in a certain manner annihilated before them.

Even objects calculated to inspire sympathy, afford to our imagination an agreeable enjoyment. The prosperity of an empire and the grandeur of a king, affect us not so agreeably as the ruin of a state and the distresses of a prince. In such cases our delight is heightened if the sufferer be some excellent person who succumbs to an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters; but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the noble cause he adhered to, than with the deserved triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other. This taken as a fact has been the cause of much reasoning. The satisfaction is commonly attributed; first, to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is a mere fiction; and next, to the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils we see represented.

Different minds incline to different objects. One pursues the vast alone, the wonderful, and the

wild: another longs for harmony, grace, and gentlest beauty. The former finds a peculiar delight when lightening fires the arch of heaven and thunders rock the ground, when maddening whirlwinds rend the howling air and the groaning ocean from his lowest bed heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky: the latter on the margin of some flowing stream longs to spread his careless limbs beneath a cooling shade and to listen all day to the soft warbling of birds, the plaintive melodies of the weeping rill, and the cheering echoes of hill and To him nothing diffuses such a secret satisfaction and complacency as beauty. It is to him a cheering mistress sent from heaven to this vale of tears: for its loveliness increases with contemplation and lulls us, as it were, in a sleep of the sweetest dreams. Its pleasures are indeed not so intense and sudden as those of sublimity, but more serene and lasting.

Many indeed, are the sources of beauty; but it dwells especially in the effusive warmth and mingling blaze of colors. Within the whole domain of nature we nowhere find a more pleasing sight than the rising and setting of the sun over the cerulean convex of the sea, which is wholly made up of those different stains of color that appear to view in clouds of different situations. What can, moreover, surpass the rainbow's vernal tinctured hues? The sunbeams gleaming from the west fall on the darksome clouds that involve the orient, and piercing through every trickling rain-drop, break and recoil while pursuing their forward passage in the immense void of air, and thence, as they strike the gazer's eye in different lines, assume a different lustre, changing from the splendid rose to the lovely violet's dejected hue.

We must own, that it is impossible to assign an efficient cause to the pleasures of beauty, as we know neither the nature of an idea nor of the mind. Still a sufficient reason may be found in this, that the Supreme Author of our being has so formed our souls that nothing but Himself can be our happiness; a part of this happiness we receive in the contemplation of the universe. The beauteous laws of light, the wonders of the rolling deep, the rich fruits of all-sustaining earth, scan and reveal in unison the goodness and the wisdom of their Author's hand. We are also so constituted that anything new or uncommon gives a secret pleasure, and thus we are encouraged in the pursuit of wisdom, and the search into the wonders of creation; for every new idea brings such a pleasure along with it as fully rewards the pains we have taken in its acquisition, and hence serves as a motive to put us upon further discoveries. To incite us still more, the Creator has given to almost everything the power of raising an agreeable idea in the imagination so that it is impossible to behold his works with a cold indifference. We discover imaginary glories in the golden zones of the celestial sphere and see a gay-colored radiance flushing brightly over all creation.

Though Heaven has sown the early seed of love and admiration in every breast, yet in vain do we hope that, without the parental aid of culture and careful shelter from the blast of vice, the tender plant should rear its blooming head and yield the harvest promised in its spring. Only a person of a well-cultured and unstained imagination enjoys nature more in his tuneful breast than whatever can adorn a princly dome, the column and the arch, the splendid marbles and the sculptured gold. Not a breeze is wafted over the meadows, not a cloud imbibes the effulgence of the setting sun, but whence his bosom can partake of new invigorating pleasure. Nor does he partake of

fresh pleasure thence only, but his mind by this harmonious action on its powers becomes itself harmonious. With admiration he beholds that as flames ascend, as the laboring ocean swells in obedience to the attractive moon, and as every headlong stream devolves its winding waters to the sea—so all things blessed with life aspire to God, the sun being and center of souls.

S. J. KREMER, '02.

HOPE.

When darkness o'er thy path doth steal,
Think of the Morning's ray;
Let not misfortune thwart thy zeal,
T'will a'l come right some day.
When thou hast bravely stood thy test,
Be strong to hope for future joy.
This will not always last
A little while thou must employ
Thyself, then all is past,
Save that sweet boon of Heav'nly rest.

C. A. V.



THE SUCCESS OF CHARLES FAHEY.

I N the flourishing city of La Mont there resided Charles Fahey, a bright young lad of ten years. His father, James Fahey, was a rich capitalist and business man of that city. The earnest desire of Mr. Fahey was that his son should one day succeed him in his avocation and carry it even to a greater success than he himself had done. desire was one day to be more than accomplished. Even at so early a period Charles showed unmistakable signs of great shrewdness and commercial enterprise. He was not, like most boys of his age, thinking only of play and amusement, but loved to associate with his father and listen to the discussions of the business out-look by the various commercial men of the city. Many in the city noticed the satisfaction with which Charles joined such comminglings, and it was the consensus of opinion in La Mont that Charles was a "chip of the old block," and that there were signs of great promise in the boy.

At the age of fifteen, Mr. Fahey sent his son to college in order to prepare him all the better for the battles of practical life. Before departing for college, Mr. Fahey gave Charles a heart-to-heart talk as only a father can give to his son. He exhorted Charles to be a diligent student and to try to acquire a good education. He reminded him of the fact that to-day a man must have a good education if he wishes to be looked upon as a man of attainments and power. Besides, he said that only those who have so trained their minds that they can encounter difficulties and surmount obstacles will be able to compete successfully with the demands of this progressive age. Charles took

the advice of his father in the right spirit, and, receiving the good wishes of his friends for a successful career in college, he departed for his des-Arriving at college, Charles took a combined Commercial-English course. By his affable manners he soon made many friends, and was, in fact, considered the most popular student in the Freshman class. Being of an athletic build, the coaches of the various athletic teams were all desirous of having Charles join their teams. was first importuned to don the mole-skin and join the football squad on the gridiron. He was tried at half back and showed such great ability that he was in a short time the regular right half back of the varsity eleven. After many a victory he was carried to the training quarters by the enthusiastic rooters of his Alma Mater. This preference was shown Charles, because in nearly every game he was conspicuous for his fine end runs, great line plunging and hurdling, and stubborn defensive playing. In the class-room Charles was no less a leader than on the campus. His monthly reports always placed him among the best in his class, and he was regarded by the faculty as one of the best students in the college. Thus during his college career Charles was ever held, and when the time for his graduation had arrived, he passed a very creditable examination, and left college with high honors.

Arriving at his home in La Mont, Charles was given a most flattering reception by his relatives and friends. All seemed to vie with one another in showing him honor, and all seemed to appreciate his success as much as if it were their own.

After a much needed rest Charles entered the office of his father. Mr. Fahey, having in mind his wish of the days of yore, sought diligently to inculcate those business principles, which wisdom

and experience of long standing had taught him. His son profited by them, and his progress was rapid from now on. Charles' latest promotion was that of director of the First National Bank of La Mont. The bank was the youngest in LaMont. It had gradually been increasing its business, but there existed a desire among the directors of the bank to make the First National the leading banking institution of La Mont in point of deposits and dividends. Accordingly, Charles Fahey was chosen solicitor for the bank. He worked unceasingly for the interests of the bank, and, indeed, with great success. Every day during banking hours crowds of people, representing all classes of society, were seen in the lobby of the bank, waiting for their turn at the cashier's window. At the end of the year, when, in accordance with the regulations of the state law, the annual statements of the standing of the various banks were published in the city news-papers, it was seen that the First National Bank was far in the lead of all the other banks in La Mont. It was evident to the citizens of La Mont who had been the cause of this sudden change in the banking affairs of the city, and on all sides Charles Fahey was congratulated for his well deserved triumph in financial affairs.

When the Steel Skein Works were organized, Charles was chosen general manager of the immense plant. This establishment grew rapidly from the start, but owing to a happy idea of Charles, the demand for the skein greatly increased in the course of time. His idea was this: at the end of every year the company should liberally reward the men who had worked unceasingly for the interests of the concern. This plan was adopted and worked like a charm. The men seemed to be happy in their work, having in mind a higher

aim than longing for the blowing of the whistle to quit work, or the arrival of pay-day every fortnight. The public in general noticed the good will of the company, and many began to believe that, after all, large corporations are not devoid of men of high ideals; on the the contrary, often imbued with true sympathy for struggling humanity.

Charles Fahey was now approching his thirtieth year of age, and had by this time taken personal charge of all the manifold interests his father was allied with. This was indeed a source of great satisfaction to the elder Mr. Fahey, and added not a little to the enjoyment of the sunset of his life. One day while reclining in a chair in his office and smoking a clear Havana, he said to a number of friends, who had joined him for a social chat: "Gentlemen," said he, "although I have passed the seventieth mile-stone of my earthly existence, still I do not feel the weight of years so heavily at the present time as I did a decade ago. At that time I was extremely anxious to know whether my son Charles would be able to take charge of my business interests and conduct them properly. He has surprised my most sanguine expectations. You all know what great success he has had in his undertakings. now as if I have not lived in vain, and that what I have accomplished by constant work and close attention to duty will not be frustrated by the folly and imprudence of my descendants, but will, as it has done so far, advance with the progressiveness of the age." After Mr. Fahey had finished speaking, his friends could not help admiring the elderly gentleman for the sweet content which his features betrayed, and they said to themselves, "such is the reward of a noble soul."

After the death of Mr. Fahey, Charles pursued the same line of action which he had during

the lifetime of his father, having in mind a great desire to preserve unimpaired the industrious and self-sacrificing qualities which are inseparable from the name of the Fahey family.

Thus we have seen how Charles Fahey by the practice of those traits, which should be found in every youth who desires to accomplish something in life, made his life one continual succession of triumphs. He had the keynote to success, and that is diligence and constancy. Nothing could discourage him, nothing could retard his progress. Ever on the alert to promote whatever enterprise he was connected with, he never failed to secure what he could reasonably expect to attain. And what an example he was for others! Parents in La Mont often told their sons that if they followed the path which Charles Fahey was treading, then they could assure them of great success in life; because they knew that the doing of one's part well, be it ever so small, is the one great stepping stone from small to great things. And what a source of pleasure was the enviable record which Charles Fahey had made to his relatives and friends. He had been an honor and a credit to the community in which he lived, and on this account his praises were without number in the city of La Mont, and caused every one to say: 'The life of Charles Fahey can be said to have been all that goes to make up that envied and universally sought for accomplishment—success."

E. A. WILLS, '03.

THE FIRST DREAM.

The midnight forest' solitude

Enrapt me with its solemn air

And raised my melancholy mood

To grand conception, strange and fair.

The trees, like phantoms 'round me stand And mellow moonlight floods the night With silver waves, with magic wand It weaves a texture, soft and bright.

Enrapturing airs, of rarest choice.

Wakes echoes in this midnight hall:
And violets with metal voice
In measured tones the time must toll.

I stand and list, list without rest Till love and longing me assail, And fire pervades my heaving breast To rival brook and nightingale.

And Pegasus, a galland steed,
To change my longing to delight,
Arose, and soared with giant speed
To Olymp's pure, ethereal height.

All drunk with joy I reached the gate
Where Fame and Merit glory-crowned
With laurel wreaths for Genius wait
To lead him on to life renowned.

I feigned to hear Melpome sing
Of Ilium and Odyssey;
And Virgil's muse the echo ring
How strayed Aneas crossed the sea.

Alas! to them I was unknown!

The laurel wreathes for me too high!
With disappointment weary grown
I woke to hear the echo sigh.

Such hopes, crest-broken, made me sad And tore a wound into my heart, That never heals, though I be glad: First sorrows bring the keenest smart.

A GENTLEMAN.

"He's a gentleman," we often hear, and burn with the desire to acquire this title. Men who truly own the adjective "gentle" are comparatively scarce; yet, where they seem fewest they abound, and where we would expect to find them, they are rarest. The human race presents such a countless variety of characters that in the selection of our ideal, even though our mind be open to every good impulse, we are at a loss what to prize highest. However, among the perfections of our ideal should stand foremost an earnest desire to become true gentlemen. Honest, upright, temperate, deferent men are at a very high premium nowadays.

But who are "gentlemen"? Though character and manner are two distinct qualities, one is often mistaken for the other, and thus we are led to judge the individual moral nature of a man by the dress-coat of manner he is in the habit of wearing. It is a hopeless case of our age that, in the exciting contest of human life, men develop a wonderful amount of envy, jealousy, and even a bitter hatred, which exposes them to the temptation of detraction. Yet a person may undertake to conceal the spirit of this evil beneath the robe of good manners, so much so that we are encouraged to place a false estimate on his actions and style him a "gentleman". On the other hand, unpolished manner does not always tell against the inner man. Our experience shows us that within the rude frame of one who appears to be a vulgar, savage rowdy there often dwells a generous heart from which flow all the virtues that help to constitute a true gentleman.

In earlier times some learned writers have defined a gentleman as one who is of a noble birth and who possesses an independent fortune. We, however, as democratic Americans acknowledge no right by which one assumes this title from the circumstance of his birth. Gentility is neither born nor can it be purchased, but it is created by Christian civilization. In a person whose disposition is such that it prompts him to respect the rights of his fellow-beings, we recognize a true gentleman. Good manners contribute to make him thus in as far as politeness is the foundation upon which our social conduct is based. But there are two kinds of politeness: external and External politeness is nothing other than the practice of etiquette. Etiquette, though a very creditable invention, is merely a means of raising the standard of social life. Real politeness, however, originates from the heart; it is the kernel of which external politeness is but the shell. Its most laudable principle is a natural, voluntary deference which yields to the wishes and opinions of another.

A gentleman anticipates the wants and wishes of others. He not only studiously avoids whatever might cause them uneasiness, but endeavors to perform any such act as might contribute to their happiness. He is as slow to take offense as he is to cause it. He is forbearing with the weaknesses of others whose advantages in life were not as numerous as his own. He overlooks imperfections in his neighbor, for he is conscious of his own faults, and hopes that they will also be overlooked. He is ever acting upon the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." We can say of him with Sir Walter Scott, "He is a man from whom one may receive

a favor, and that is saying a great deal in these days."

These are some of the characteristics of men of whom the world at the present time stands in great need. Our educational institutions by manufacturing living encyclopedias do not necessarily succeed in turning out gentlemen. These are, as a rule, self-made men. They acquire a brave and generous character by moulding the acts which take rise in the great heart over which they rule.

Though they are comparatively few, we find them in every stage of life. We thrill with admiration for them and we taste the sweet fruit of their charity, patience, humility, single-minded contentment, and disinterested perseverance. They abstain from all harsh words, they avoid self-conceit, they are truly sincere, yet cheerful and happy, and they breathe peace, truth, justice, courtesy, and gentleness to all men.

Let us, in our endeavors to be of use to ourselves and our fellowmen continually have before our eyes those beautiful words which the "first true Gentleman that ever breathed", our Blessed Lord Himself, spoke to his disciples: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." One who lives up to this golden precept has approached a true gentleman in the highest signification of that term.

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN, '03.



DEATH.

Impatiently the flutt'ring wings Beat 'gainst the prison-walls: The spirit struggles to be free From body's narrow halls.

I hear a voice—O sweetest strain,Through these dark prison-bars!—My weary pinions cease their rush—"Come with me to the stars!"

Through grates of this captivity
I see the floods of time
Roll onward to Eternity
With sound of Easter-chime.

Collect thy strength, and plume thy wings!
Frail is the spirit's chain:
Whosoever tries to keep him down
Would labor but in vain.

The chain is rent—the eagle free:
His mighty wings take flight—
Flies to the sun, where freedom waits
Him in Elysium's heights.

He's free! He feels his liberty— He's free from earthly ties Indulging in his yearning heart He sails through starry skies.

The soul, disburdened of the flesh
Flies to God's paradise
Where she drinks from the fountain-head
Of everlasting joys.

X. J.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

One year
It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The

edge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

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EDITORIALS.

The season of Advent has closed upon us and our duty as fervent Catholics is plain. By prayer, by acts of charity and self-denial, we should strive to make the domicile of our heart appear swept and garnished, so that on Christmas morn our Lord may not be forced to repeat his words of long ago that "the Son of man hath not whereon to rest his head." Make your heart a downy bed for the tender and Divine Infant.

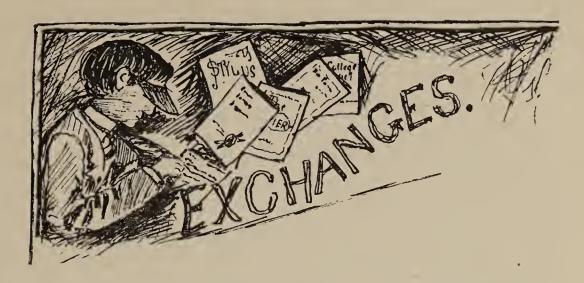
Friends and fellow students, "we have a bone to pick with you," to quote Prof. Slang, and the key to our meaning is, "Money makes the mare go." To be plain, we kindly solicit your good will and encouragement in tangible currency. Without exaggerating, we think the Collegian has the smallest paid subscription list of any journal in existence. This is a rather strong statement, but such facts need strength and we hope they will strike you as strongly as they are striking us. If the Collegian is worth anything to you, it is worth a dollar. Our business managers will communicate personally with many of you, and let it not be said that their efforts were fruitless, or moneyless.

Another Thanksgiving Day and the gobblegobble of many a strutting turkey have swirled into the past. But, the pains and mental depression resulting from revelry and over-feeding are not so easily gotten rid of. Every rose has its thorn, and thorns remain when the roses have faded and have scattered their petals to the four winds. We hardly look upon the American nation as a prayerful, thanksgiving people. Such a mental picture would find better appreciation in Puck than on the Magazine page. They say to the Old World what the young say to their grandfathers; "Prayer and religion are for you old codgers." We are not a religious people, articles in many magazines to the contrary. Our heart is thankful for what fills our belly and our pocket. Hence, from the time of the Pilgrims, Thanksgiving Days, with few exceptions, have degenerated into days of surfeit and of shallow and materialistic thanksgiving. However, we are thankful that we have good doctors and a few weeks recuperation before the Holidays.

Satan is a skillful angler and casts many a sweet anise bait for this world's "suckers." And, oh, how they bite, too! With more reason today than in his own time could our Lord exclaim: "Oh, ye men of little faith." Indeed, we have little of faith, or of hope, or of any other manly virtue, if such antichrists as the Ingersols, the Eddys, the Dowies can hoodwink us. Of course, the prince of darkness is at the bottom of it all. The effects of his work are seen in the sad and unjust expulsion of religious orders from France. Likewise religious prejudice is again being stirred up in England. The conduct of some of the Oriental nations needs no comment. But when we look about us in our own "land of the free and home of the brave," and find an almost similar state of affairs, we experience a sickening feeling about the heart. Not, that we are concerned about our Holy Religion. No, never. Those memorable words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her", are too significant in their import to admit of concern on our part for the Church's welfare. It is our own country, our fatherland, whom we grieve to behold stooping to such conduct as religious persecutions. Certain it is, she does not employ physical force but rather sneers, jeers, and injustice, and these hurt more than irons or stripes. That apostasy will result quicker from the former than from the latter, we think is certain. latest enemy of the Church and the latest device of the devil in this country is a certain tendency to socialism. The Chicago case of "Free Text Books" is an example in point. To supply a child with text-books tends in a measure to deprive it or its parents of the right to demand books, whose contents shall not contain matter offensive both to

morals and to faith. Even as it is, Catholic students in various normal colleges and schools of Pedagogy are compelled to purchase text-books that contain from cover to cover almost nothing except continual slurs and libels on their holy faith. What must be the effect of all this on the rising generation! Let us remember that pitch defiles, no matter how lightly we touch it. But we ourselves are to some extent blamable for such a condition of affairs. If we would once assert our rights, fairly, strenuously, and persistently, a turn for the better would come. There are certainly plenty of honest men in the country not of our faith who out of fairness, if nothing else, would second our efforts; but they do not feel bound to take the initiative step. But so long as we are like lambs willing to be fleeced, there will be found many who are equally willing to do the fleecing. If we would all place ourselves on the aggressive as did the Chicago Germans, probably much of their success would be general. However, unlimited confidence in the providence of God, complete resignation to His holy will, and charity in all things, should in the meantime be our chief characteristics.





Very few of our exchanges represent the idea of a college journal more worthily than "The University of Ottawa Review." For the glory of God and honor of Erin is the discourse "The Gaelic Movement'. The author has redeemed the subject beyond the possibility of a misconception by an intense minuteness of detail and clearness of statement. He wrote in a grave and natural manner, well calculated to arouse the social instincts in all readers whom the question might interest. The article would honor the pages of any magazine in the country. "Canadian Literature" is a judicious defense of the present condition of literature in Canada. But the difficulties that once confronted it and the dangers that once menaced it are now removed. The energies heretofore employed in transmitting a national existence, must now, and certainly will be spent in fostering a literature to which the University will undoubtedly render great assistance. cated" is the best story we have read in any journal this month. It has a well sustained plot and is full of pathetic scenes. We congratulate the author on having escaped the usual sluggish household provincialisms commonly abounding in this sort of story.

The November "Dial" takes no exception to the old-fashioned phenomena of story-telling, which always chirps the same tune without pathos or emotion of any kind. A narration or description may please at times, but the great supply of the *Dial* has taught us that too many of the same tenor become insipid. Under the head of "Senior Loquitur" we find substantial thought, experience and knowledge. The ex-column is sufficiently humorous to serve as a prologue to "Tam O'Shanter". It is altogether a flimsy parody or travesty, and if numbers were not wanting, we could at once classify it in the province of some awkward muse. For the poetry we have much praise; it shows invention and genius in general and is well-worth reading.

"The Fordham Monthly" offers a rich store of information and interest. We read every word of it with as much delight as could be gained from respectable reading matter anywhere. The whole number is eminently literary, clear and original. There is more pleasantry and humor in the rather burlesque article, "College Recollections", than can be found in a whole score of the quaint novelties usually crowded on the pages of our common college papers. Of "Effect of Translation on the Vernacular", we can only say in addition to its high merit, that every student will find it worth reading and beneficial. The last line of "Yachting History" needs no excuse—we all entertain the same wish.

We plainly recognize an individual tone in the stories, translations, and sketches of the *Mount*, such as secure popularity with readers of every bent and taste. The poetry is good and adds to the general diversity, rendering it withal still more acceptable, and we were much relieved, after pouring over the pages of many heavy journals, by the more congenial sprightliness of the *Mount*.

We found ourselves turning to fresh intellectual fields and pleasant jollities when we engaged alternately in exciting and humorous chats with the "Fleur de Lis". The imaginary projector of "Dea ex Machina" gives a portrait of his mental powers that shows him strikingly observative and interesting. It is really so romantic that we read it twice and could read it a third time with equal pleasure. "Callista" is a notice taken of Newman's great novel, which all will find a genuine treatise and a magnificent encomium in honor of the celebrated mind that produced it. The whole number secures much attention by the masterly managing of its material.

"Abraham Lincoln" and "Anarchy" are essays that much elaborate the pages of the "Abbey Student". There is likewise much suggestiveness and thought-enkindling power in the pregnant sections of "Method in Daily Life". We like the distinguished and open manner in which the writers have expressed their ideas. The whole paper before us is polished, and we well understand its meaning. May the "Abbey Student" sustain the reputation which the present number has justly attained.

The November number is perhaps the most remarkable and best written issue ever published under the name "Sentinel". The first article invites attention to the "Day of small things". This thought, though old, is used with good effect and matches well to the moralizing temperament of the article. The writer has at times cob-webbed his sentiment in extensive illustrations of which several are rather trifling and detract much from force and reality. "The Value of a Moral Education" is a well-developed composition. Though we have no peevish antipathy to praise, yet the "Sentinel" is rather munificent in crediting one

of our articles, "Tragedy and Macbeth", with an infusion of Brainard Kellog's thought, whose school-edition on the same work is accidentally beyond the reach of our reading-circle.

The surpassing excellence of the October Bee in comparison with previous publications is obviously due to the gracefulness and polish of style in which it is exceptionally good. Each composition is short and orderly sketched, while the lucid diction and correct comparisons command credit and appreciation.

We believe ourselves justified to notice in our conclusion that we have a right to look for much more originality in many of our exchanges. In our late reviewal we rather frequently toppled over sections of which we had more than a faint remembrance, since it was possible to reproduce them from the hand-book of literature lying open before us. Let each writer acquaint himself with the rules that govern the subject which he presumes to treat and then produce it ex se. Even such as quotations from the author employed in our work should by all means beavoided.

M. B. Koester, '02



ALUMNI NOTES.

Our words touching upon the establishment of an Alumni column in the Collegian, have not had the good results that we might expect. Many an Alumnus, whether from carelessness or lack of interest, has failed to write us even a few words in two months. Friends, do not wait, one for another, but write us soon and in detail. Whatever may be of general interest in your letters we will publish verbatim. We would like very much to

have a goodly and interesting number of Alumni notes for the Xmas Collegian which will be in press by the 21st of December.

We think it hardly necessary to state that we would appreciate a few words of candid criticism of our work from the Alumni, especially from those who are experienced in the work which we are now carrying on. One such a letter we received last week from our immediate predecessor, Mr. T. Kramer. It contained criticisms and suggestions for which we are sincerely thankful, and we shall try to profit by them.

The class of '95 received Minor Orders at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio, on Nov. 4, the patron feast of that institution. His Grace, Archbishop Elder, officiated. Following are the gentlemen to whom we wish to extend our congratulations, with the hope that they will have the grace and happiness to reach the consummation of their desires: D. Schweitzer; R. Meyer; B. Didier; B. Besinger; N. Greive; G. Hartjens, C. Daniels. Major Orders will be received, they tell us, in the near future.

We have received pleasant news from Mr. John Steinbrunner, a Normal graduate of '98. At present he is teacher and organist at his home parish, St. Joseph's, Ohio. The fact that he has held the same position for four consecutive years and has eighty scholars in charge, speaks well of Mr. Steinbrunner's abilities as teacher and musician.

Mr. Chas. Daniels '99, whom all remember to have been a genial comrade and hard worker for the students' interests is at present a successful teacher in Scharpsburg, Violet P. O., Mercer County, Ohio.

Mr. F. Dirksen, a charter member of the C. L. S., a zealous promoter of literary work, is teaching in Egypt, Mercer Co., Ohio.

Mr. H. Plas, who was called from the College in '99 by the parish priest at Chickasaw, Ohio, to teach school at that place, made a very successful examination, and still teaches the same school, well liked by the pupils and their parents as well. Rumors have lately reached us that Mr. Plas has become a benedict. More definite information would be welcome.

Mr. H. Dresh, another charter member of the C. L. S., is teaching at Chickasaw, Ohio.

Mr. J. Dwenger '97, is stationed at the parochial school in Burkettsville, Darke Co., Ohio.

Many will no doubt be surprised to hear of the marriage of Mr. Lewis J. Panther of Lafayette. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Binz, a prominent, and wealthy furniture dealer in Lafayette. The marriage ceremony was held in St. Boniface's Church, and was followed by a unique wedding feast.

Former students will remember Mr. Panther as an able and active member of Finske's famous corn-cob and back-stop gang. For the past few years, however, he has been an earnest, industrious young man, and has now established a bright, cheerful little home, in which we wish him all happiness.

We have all noticed with great pleasure the active and leading part which the members of the class '96 are taking in their respective congregations. The good will and enthusiasm which they displayed on the campus and in the class-room have now been transferred to the "vineyard of the Lord," and with equal success.

Geo. Diefenbach, popularly known as "Zit" is now with us spending the Thanksgiving holidays, and will probably remain for the South Bend-Rensselaer football game. George is the same genial, blithesome fellow that he always was,

though much taller and heavier. At present he is working in an undertaking establishment in Chicago, — "handling stiffs" as he calls it. George says that he wishes to be remembered to all the "has beens." We think he means former students.

Since the Christmas number of the Collegian may be tardy in appearance, the Faculty and student body take this occasion to extend the wish of "A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year" to all the "old boys." Ed.

SOCIETY NOTES.

"Another law there is which touches them as they are sociable parts united into one body: A law which bindeth them each to serve unto another's good." Hooker.

C. L. S. The present effort of the Columbian Literary Society is to give to its members some of that education which consists in discipline and ability linked with self-control. Capacity is a gift of nature. Ability, however, is the result of educa-Every man is capable of becoming an able man. Ability depends mostly upon our own active effort and is a part of education not found in books. It is good to test our own views and sentiments by comparing them with the lives and thoughts of This is very easily done when we those about us. find ourselves surrounded by a sociable lot of companions, all interested in the same cause. this manner that the society tends to give a training which is not only advantageous to its possessor but useful to his fellowmen. The C. L. S. are applying the 'means' to the 'end'. Never have they shown more activity in meetings or regularity in the rendition of programs than at the present time. The following program was rendered Nov. 3. Essay "Friendship," Mr. B. Holler; "Abel's Morning Hymn," Mr. X. Jaeger; Music, Sonate, Mr. A. Schuette; Debate "Resolved that the Sciences are more beneficial than the Classics." Aff. Mr. R. Monin, Neg. Mr. W. Flaherty; Music, Zither Solo, Mr. X. Jaeger; Declamation, "Infidelity," Mr. L. Huber; Farce, "The Three Black Smiths." Joe, Constable of Camptown, Mr. J. Wessel, John, A Returned Soldier, Mr J. Braun, Jouch, A Jockey, Mr. F. Theobald.

At the next meeting the able critic Mr. Wills passed a favorable criticism. However he expressed his desire that the next program be better committed to memory. His wishes were fully realized in the following program rendered Nov. 17. Music. Eulogy on Pres. McKinley, Mr. A. Knapke; Debate "Resolved that the lady teacher has more success in school than the male teacher," Aff. Mr. F. Boeke, Neg. Mr. H. Eroning: Music, Prof. B. Dentinger; Essay, "Adversity," Mr. E. Flaig; Recitation, "Ma an' Mag," Mr. H. Muhler; Farce, "Hypnotizing a Landlord," Messrs. M. Ehleringer and J. Bach.

This program proved a grand success and every Columbian left the Auditoriam that evening with a feeling of great satisfaction. The prompt manner in which the audience encored Prof. B. Dentinger showed that they greatly appreciated his music. The able Professor has the sincere thanks of the Society.

In a meeting held Nov. 10th the following officers were elected or re-elected to lead the C. L. S., during the coming months: President, Mr. E. Werling; Vice Pres., Mr. S. Kremer; Sec. Mr, C. VanFlandern; Treas., Mr. P. Welsh; Critic, Mr. E. Wills; Editor, Mr. J. Wessel; Marshall, Mr. A. McGill; Ex. Committee. Mr. R. Stoltz, Mr. H. Hoerstman, Mr. A. Schuette.

When the installment of officers took place in the next meeting Nov. 24th, Ex Pres. Mr. Arnold in a very appropriate address expressed his thanks to the house for their co-operation and stepped from the platform. Amid cheers Mr. Werling advanced and after favoring the society with a few words, took the president's chair. He was immediately stormed with miscellaneous business, under which fell a motion to make debating a more general practice by introducing it into the meetings. The motion was carried and in future the Ex. Committee will select a subject for every meeting. All members will be at liberty to defend either side of the question. We hope this practice will be a means of encouraging younger members to take active part in society matters.

A. L. S. The Aloysians have also elected a new host of leaders. The election was held Nov. 10th, and resulted as follows: President Mr. A. Lonsway; Vice Pres. Mr. M. Shea; Secretary Mr. W. Fisher; Treasurer Mr. J. Bryan; Marshal Mr. M. O'Connor; Editor Mr. L. Monahan; Librarian Mr. J. Lang; Executive Com. Messrs. J. Hildebrand, H. Cooney, and J. McCarthy.

The members wish to express their sincere thanks to their Rev. Spiritual Director, Father Liberat, for the interest he has taken in procuring a new reading hall for the society. Thanksgiving Day the Aloysians were all happy to find a well furnished room on the second floor awaiting their entrance. The play rendered on that day is treated of elsewhere.

Marian Sodality. The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin held a business meeting Sunday, Dec. 1st, in which the Prefects and Consultors reported favorably of the applicants whose names were presented. The following were voted into the sodality: Messrs. A. Bernard, H. Cooney, T. Quinlan, W. Hanley, J. Diemert, E. Pryor, J. Mc Carthy, M. O'Connor, T. Alles, J. Smith, E. Frei-

berger, J. O'Donnell, J. Burke, E. Grimme, P. Thom, H. Dahlinghaus, W. Meirering, F. Schmitz, J. Bryan, Alexander Berkmeir, F. May, I. Collins, O. Hentges, I. Weis, H. Grube, F. Kocks, A. Linnemann, C. Baczkowfski, A. Delaney, E. Hauk. It was announced that these members would be solemnly admitted and receive their diplomas Dec. 8th. After a short address by the Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Hugo, the Sodality recited the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception and adjourned.

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN '03.



MILITARY NOTES.

The St. Joseph's College Battalion underwent a complete reorganization and turned out for the first exhibition drill on Thanksgiving day.

The Battalion is now strictly conducted under U. S. regulation tactics. It consists of one full double line company, including one captain, two chiefs, eleven sergeants, sixteen corporals, a color-bearer, and field music, The Dress Parade line consists of three staff officers, four divisions, each division being captained by its respective lieutenant, the color-bearer and field music. Father Liberat is Chaplain of the Battalion and under his surveillance the military has grand prospects of a bright future. Major Wm. R. Arnold; Adjutant John Wessel; Sergeant-major Edward G. Werling complete the Staff officers. A. McGill, H. Hoerstman, E. Wills and W. Flaherty are lieutenants. The privates that have been promoted to the rank of sergeants are the following: Theobald, R. Goebel, T. Hammes, R. Halpin, B. Quell, M. Shea, J. Jones, N. Keller, W. Fisher, L. Flory, C. Sibold. Promoted to the rank of

corporal are: E. Pryor, M. O'Connor, C. Ready, J. Bryan, W. Hanley, H. Bernard, T. Alles, F. Boeke, E. Cook, G. Jackson, J. Dabbelt, J. O' Donnell, T. Quinlan, F. Smith. V. Sibold, H. Heims, and J. A. Sullivan.

Thanksgiving day the Battalion appeared for the first time this scholastic year, in their new West Point regulation uniform presenting a beautiful spectacle on the field.

Headed by the band, under the direction of Prof. B. Dentinger, the Battalion marched out of the armory to the tempo of the "Ess Jay See Battalion March''. Marching to the dress parade line the divisions went through the dress parade manual in front of the reviewing stand. Then followed a fancy drill by the officers, commanded by Major Arnold. After the drill the company went double quick time to the armory, and after an inspection of arms, was dismissed.

TARGET SHOTS.

Following the exhibition drill on Thanksgiving day Rev. G. Heldman of Chicago publicly annouced that with the permission of the Rev. Rector, which was cheerfully granted, he would bring his picked squad of cadets to St. Joseph's for a competitive drill next spring.

The "Ess Jay See Battalion March" is a composition in music composed by Prof. B. Dentinger, and dedicated to "The St. Joseph's College Battalion". The Professor deserves unlimited praise for the attention he is giving to the training suc-

cess of the military band.

J. W. W. ADJUTANT.

PERSONALS.

During the month and on Thanksgiving Day we entertained quite a number of visitors:

Of the clergy were Rev. E. Boccard, Delphi, Ind, Rev. M. Dentinger, C. PP. S., Pulaski, Ind., Rev. J. Berg, Remington, Ind., Rev. J. C. Keller, Mishawaka, Ind., Rev. Julius Seimetz, Peru, Ind., Rev. F. Walzer, C. PP. S., St. Sebastian, O. Rev. Geo. Heldman, Chicago, Ill.

Of the laity were, Mr. H. Schmitz and son Herman, Lafayette, Ind., Mr. Gilbert Goebel, Edgerton, O., Mrs. W. Sullivan, Mrs. A. Hauk, Miss Alyne Delaney, all of Delphi, Ind., Mrs. M. Lang, Mrs. T. Fisher and daughter Marie, Mrs. M. Burke, Mr. Peter Hartman, '01, all of Peru, Ind., Clarence M. Eder, Crown Point, Ind., Frank G. Reney, Aloysius A. Junk, both of Chicago, Otto U. Bremerkamp, Decatur, Ind., Mrs. Katherine Lapple and Miss Katherine Hildebrand of Delphi, Ind., Miss Hauk, Delphi, Ind., Mrs. Ed. Connell and son Harry, Mrs. Fred. Knauger of Lafayette, Ind., Mr. M. Theobald, Niles Center, Ill.

NEW PUBLICATION.

Her Father's Daughter. This novel from the pen of Katherine Tynau Hinkson has recently been published in book form by Benziger Bros. It appeared in Benziger's Magazine some time ago as a serial story and was relished by the readers The plot is laid in Ireland. of the magazine. The scenes that are described and the characters portrayed could not be pictured more true by an able artist in painting. There are twelve illustrations which make the book more attractive. These might be much better, for they are not as the mind would have them. Phil, the heroine of the novel, at once wins the admiration of the read-Some may not give her due credit for yielding so gently to Columbe, her sister, when the latter desired to go to Kuockarea. The plot, however, turns out to the great satisfaction of the

reader. As it is nearing the Christmas holidays, Her Father's Daughter would make a very nice present to a friend or relative. Price \$1.25.

Juvenile Round Table. This book is a collection of short stories for children. Its appearance at once makes a favorable impression, being well bound and containing some twenty full-page illustrations. The authors represented in this work comprise some of the foremost Catholic writers of America, as Francis J. Finn, S. J., Marion A. Taggart, Anna T. Sadlier, and many others famous for their ability in entertaining the young folks. The stories are bright, clever, and highly interesting, and are written in a light juvenile vein.

The style throughout is simple and easy. The different illustrations are clear and well presented. Taking all together, the book is one which must be highly recommended to Catholic parents for their children.

Christmas time is also now approaching, and there is nothing more pleasing, than a good book for the little ones. At Benziger Bros. Price \$1.00.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

Amidst the sunny rays and a brisk western breeze Thanksgiving 1901 was ushered into Collegeville with brilliant ceremony. At eight o'clock High Mass was sung, the Reverend Father Walzer of St. Sebastian, O., being celebrant. He addressed the student body in most eloquent words how Thanksgiving-day should be observed by a Catholic. The choir under the able direction of Father Justin deserves special mention for their efforts. The sounds of their sweet strains still lingered in the ears of the faithful as they left the college chapel.

The St. Joseph's College Battalion then gave an excellent exhibition drill on the college campus, which was reviewed by many spectators. After the drill the Reverend George Heldman, of Chicago, who was called upon for a short address, heartily responded with well chosen words.

Soon the sound of a bell, the clang familiar to the students, guided all to the diningroom where a fine dinner was spread by the good sisters. The afternoon was spent at leisure, and most of the boys went to see the football game at Rensselaer.

Before a crowded hall of many visitors, consisting both of clergy and laity, the Aloysian Literary Society entertained in the evening. They presented "The Prodigal Law Student", a drama in four acts. Our young aspirants, under their moderator, Father Liberat, acquitted themselves well. The play presented opportunities for many good climaxes in which the gentlemen succeeded. The plot of the play is good and well worked out. Mr. Martin, the father of Frederic, the Law Student, pays his son a visit at his New York University home. The old gentleman returns home well pleased with the report and progress of his son. He is home only a short time when a certain Tightfist, a Wall-street broker, comes to collect a large bill he loaned Frederic. The old gentleman puts no stock in the case at first, but upon seeing the signature of his son, is greatly disappointed. Frederic hears of Tightfist's intended plans and tries to reach home before the broker. However, he is too late and is sent away from home unforgiven. He enters the navy, is not heard of until a terrible storm drives the ship ashore at Boston. Frederic is met by his aged father, who is foreman of the wharf, and both are reconciled to each other.

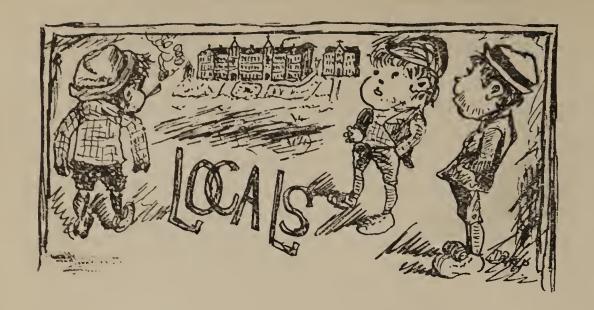
Mr. A. Lonsway, as Frederic, and Mr. B. Wellman, as his father, acted their roles fine and

showed that they were well acquainted with the parts they were impersonating. Mr. Monahan played the part of Alfred, a friend of Frederic, and portrayed excellent dramatic talent. Mr. Shea as Richards, a friend to the family deserves special comment. Phineas, the happy go-lucky visitor from the Emerald Isle, the star role of the play was taken care of by Mr. Fisher. The gentleman played as though he had been there before. He won rounds of applause from the audience while celebrating his "jag on" at the Boston Wharf. Masters J. Burke and O'Connell as newsboys provoked the house to laughter several times by their funny pranks. Every member of the cast did fine work, and by their united efforts the Aloysians crowned their labor with success.

CASTS OF CHARACTERS.

Frederic, a Law Student	A. Lonsway.
Frederic, a Law Student	B. Wellman.
Angelo, his Brother	Thom. Quinlan.
Alfred, his Friend	L.: Monahan.
Tightfist, a Wall-street Broker	J. Jones.
Mr. Richards, a Friend of Mr. Martin	M. Shea.
Professor Allgood, Teacher of Angelo	M. O'Connor.
Gen. Watson, U. S. A. Commander of Zou	avesJ. F. Sullivan.
Harry	(J. O'Donnell
John	H. Cooney.
John Foster Eugene	J. Hildebrand.
Eugene	(Wm. Hanley.
Phineas, a Visitor from the Emerald Isle.	
Dr Fuzby, a Surgeon	Wm. Hanley.
Admiral Ross, U.S. N	J. Bryan.
Captain Henderson, U.S. N	M. O.Connor.
	(J. Burke.
Jake	J. Burke.
Bob {	R. Ottke.
	N. Keller.
	(R. Bremerkamp.
1st. Newsboy	M. O'Connell.
2nd. Newsboy	J. Burke.
1st. Citizen	J. A. Sullivan.
2nd Citizen	
1st. Sailor	C. Randall.
2nd. Sailor	
3rd. Sailor	P. Thom.

During the intermission a fine musical program prepared by Prof. B. Dentinger was rendered.



Copy of Telegram sent Nov. 30, 1901.
The Rt. Rev. Herman J. Alerding, D. D.

Ft. Wayne, Ind.

The Faculty and Students join me in sending you greetings on the first Anniversary of your Consecration.

B. Boebner, C. Pp. S., Pres. S. J. C.

The Juniors have just begun Homer. Xavier says he thinks Homer has many sublime thoughts, but his danguage is a little beyond his sphere of comprehension.

Bremer would be a good hunter if he could only shoot.

Turkey and cranberry sauce Thanksgiving Day.

Randall to Freiberger:—Say, Freiberger, how often do you get your face shaved off? Freiberger: Whenever I want to be good lookin.

For bananas and fruit. Trap and Dego. War against the "turks" is over.

Geo. and Mac won a great victory. They downed a whole turkey.

The senior literature class attended a lecture by Eli Perkins at Rensselaer, Nov. 8th. Eli is certainly a very able man and never fails to please by his great distinction between wit and humor. At least the seniors enjoyed it very much and not unfrequently did we hear imitation of the author echo through the halls which go to prove that there are many among us who are not wanting in oratorical abilities.

The G. O. P. troop, which intends to remain at St. Joseph's during Xmas tide, have reorganized with a membership of nearly a dozen. Officers were chosen as follows: Pres. Trap.; Sec. Jake Bach; Treas., Dom. Active steps were taken; and preparations were made for the coming year. As a result a handsome and cozy camp has been built along the Iriquois about three miles from college.

Nick to the doctor.—Doctor, what would you do when a person's constitution becomes weak?

Dr.—Make an amendment.

A fact in History. Pope Leo XIII. learnt Spanish on the train.

Prof. How would you account for that?

Student. That depends upon the speed of the train.

Nov. 24. Midnight.—Who's this??

O, Tutz!! Get to bed!!! Bif-bang!!!!

Ready. Say, Jack, did you see the kid?

All accounts kept gratis in Howard Muhler's meat-market book.

Junk arrived safe from Chicago on the eve of Thanksgiving Day, but a little forgetfulness left the beer on the side-track. Hence the scantity of the beverage.

No doubt many of the older students are familiar with the name "Zit". Well "Zit", as they call him, spent his Thanksgiving Day with us this year, and many of the boys and especially those who never met him before wondered at his stuttering. So one of them after becoming acquainted with him, put a question something like

this: "Say Zit, do you always stutter." Zit replied, "N—n—n—No—No. On—n—n—ly—ly—y—only wh—wh—wh—when I—i—i—i to—to—to—talk."

Everybody will have trouble with that clock. Why have you tears in your eyes, Ivo? Because Jack Frost nearly bit off my fingers.

Definition of methaphysics: When a man does not know what another man says, and the other man does not know what he himself says, that is metaphysics.

Foot-ball is a game which calls for more selfcontroll than any other game existing.

Alexander and Flavian happening to make a collision whilst playing, Flavian exclaimed: "You fool you?"

Alexander: "You don't intend to make a fool of me."

Flavian: "No, nature has saved me the trouble."

The lake has lately been drained and received a thorough cleaning. Fresh water has been pumped in and it is now in beautiful condition. All are anxiously waiting to enjoy a good skating.

The A. L. S. have moved to the second floor, formerly the C. L. S. reading room. The room is in a beautiful condition, decorated with rich tapestry and oil paintings.

"Who was the first to place his foot on dry land after the waters of the deluge subsided?"

Herman (Grube): Bible History does not mention his name exactly, but it reads Noe came forth (fourth).

Tub to Wessel: "John, you seem to gain flesh every day. What did you weigh last?"

John: "Well, Tub, I really do not remember, but I think it was a pound of sugar."

The battle fought on Thanksgiving Day was

almost a complete distruction of the turkeys. Only three survived to tell the tale to their coming generation.

The way to heaven—Turn to the right and go straight ahead.

"What is the matter, Ben?" asked Roman when Benjamin was making his way from the chapel to the study-hall.

Ben: "I forgot my heart," meaning his badge of the Sacred Heart.

What is the difference between Xavier and a pound of meat?

One weighs a pound and the other pounds away.

Rensselaer has gone mad ever since the game of foot-ball was arranged with Pat. O'Dea's South Bend team. They expect to give South Bend a hard game, and say they have even chances of victory. Excursions will be run to Rensselear from all near-by-towns, and the day will certainly be one of the greatest in the History of Rensselaer. The boys at the college are also very enthusiastic over the opportunity of seeing one of the best foot-ball teams in the west, whose line-up includes Pat O'Dea, the world's greatest punter. Our students will be at the game in full force, and they now have visions galore of long punts, drop kicks, and all the various tricks which Pat O'Dea can perform with his good right leg.

As we go to press the battle between South Bend and Rensselaer has been fought with the result 0 to 0. Fortin, Linz, and Winter of Notre Dame were in the line-up for South Bend. Hurrah for Rensselaer!

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made 95–100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90–95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, E. Werling, E. Wills, F. Theobald, H. Hoerstman, J. Braun, P. Welsh, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, R. Goebel, E. Lonsway, B. Quell, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, J. Baeh, A. Lonsway, M. Shea, B. Wellman, L. Flory, J. Diemert, E. Pryor, M. O'Connor, C. Fisher, J. McCarthy, N. Keller, J. Schmitt, J. Ereiburger, J. Bryan, J. Naughton, W. Meiering, H. Dahlinghouse, C. Sibold, J. F. Sullivan, W. Hanley, N. Keilman, H. Cooney, J. Lang, G. Jaekson, J. Quinn, J. Boeke, H. Froning, A. Knapke, B' Huelsman, F. Mader, M. Selmmacher, A. Bernard, J. Ramp, E. Barnard.

90-95 PER CENT.

J. Wessel, W. Flaherty, H. Muhler, T. Hammes, W. Fisher, L. Monahan, J. A. Sullivan, J. Quinlan, E. Grimme, T. Alles, J. O'Donnell, J. Lemper, J. Hildebrand, J. Jones, P. Carlos, H. Heim, F. Maley, R. Bremerkamp, J. Burke, F. Sehmitz, A. Wuehner, J. Hunt.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, S. Kremer, M. Koester, S. Hartman, R. Stolz, E. Wills, A. Schuette, P. Welsh, I. Wagner, C. Grube, R. Goebel, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, F. Waehendorfer, W. Scheidler, A. Seheidler, M. Ehleringer, R. Schwieterman, J. Bach, L. Monahan, B. Wellman, E. Pryor, M. O, Connor, V. Meagher, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, C. Fisher, J. McCarthy, J. Freiburger, I. Collins, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, C. Baczkowski, F. Kocks, A. Linneman, J. Boeke, A. Delaney, C. Koeters, H. Froning, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, F. Mader, A. Barnard, W. Meiering, C. Holthouse, H. Cooney, W. Hanley.

84-90 PER CENT.

C. VanFlaudern, E. Werling, F. Theobald, H. Hoerstman, B. Holler, R. Monin, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. McGill, W. Flaherty, J. Braun, F. Didier, G. Arnold, T. Hammes, L. Flory, T. Alles, J. Bryan, J. O'Donnell, J. Naughton, J. Quinn, O. Hentges, E. Hauk, H. Schumacher, J. Lemper, C. Sibold, N. Keilman, P. Carlos, H. Heim, J. Lang, C. Ready, R. Bremerkamp, J. Burke, R. Ottke, J. Ramp, C. Randall, F. Schmitz.